Such harmony is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſſely cloſe in it, we cannot heare it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with him a hymne,
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtris eare,
And draw her home with Muſicke.

Muſicke playes.

Ieſ. I am neuer merry, when *I* heare ſweete Muſick.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but heare a Trumpet ſound,
Or any aire of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eies turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweete power of muſicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moou'd with concord of ſweete ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. Marke the Muſicke.

Enter Nerriſſa and Portia.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moone ſhone we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe.
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,

Vntill

Vntill a King be by,
Empties it ſelfe, as d
Into the maine of w
Ner. It is your m
Por. Nothing is g
Methinkes it ſounds
Ner. Silence beſt
Por. The Crow d
When neither is att
The Nightingale if
When euery Gooſe
No better a Muſitia
How many things b
To their right praiſe
Peace, how the Moo
And would not be a
Lor. That is the v
Or I am much decei
Por. He knowes
The Cucko, by the b
Lor. Deere Lady,
Por. We haue bin
Which ſpeed we hop
Are they return'd?
Loren. Madam, th
But there is come a M
To ſignifie their com
Por. Go in *Nerriſ*
Giue order to my ſer
No note at all of our
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſ*
Lor. Your husban
We are no tell-tales
Por. This night me
It lookes a little pale
Such as the day is wh